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Metrical Legends,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq.

Mr Oct 1806
D 17.3.1851
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1807.

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TO

MISS CAMPBELL,

OF MONZIE,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE DEDICATED

BY HER AFFECTIONATE COUSIN

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HODDAM CASTLE,
Nov. 4, 1807.

2030038

THE

FIEND WITH MANTLE GREY.

Quante mormorò mai profane note
Teſſala Maga con la bocca immonda:
Ciò, che arreſtar può le celeſti rote,
E l'ombre trar della prigion profonda,
Sapea ben tutto; e pur oprar non puote,
Che almen l'inferno al ſuo parlar riſponda.

TASSO, *Canto* 16.

YE Gueſts, who grace this lofty hall
In helmet ſheen, or broider'd caul,
Quaffing the generous wine
From cups of gold and ſilver bright,
That ſparkle in the taper's light,
Oh, liſt this lay of mine!

Ye Dames, who braid your amber hair
With ſhrewd device, the heart to ſnare,
Oh, lend an ear to me!
Ceaſe for a time to ſmile or ſpeak,
And on each white hand lean your cheek;
I ſing of witchery.

And ſhould, as diſmal ſtrains ariſe,
Soft ſorrow dim thoſe vivid eyes,
That 'maze the aching view;
And ſweet tears mingle with the wine,
Theſe youths ſhall taſte a ſtronger brine,
Than Circe e'er could brew.

Ye Knights, in ſtately manhood's pride,
True as the ſteel that decks your ſide,
To woo awhile forbear!
I chaunt a Lord of fame and might,
Who well as any here could fight,
Albeit of proweſs rare.

But liſt—for now begins the tale.
Down in a dark and dreary dale
A Lady once did dwell—
Full of bad years—but proud and rich,
Bold in her deeds—a wicked witch,
Who dealt with ſprites of hell.

The Lady Glammis; yea, ancient Joan,
The Baron of Northberwick's crone,
To her were witches white:
One only daughter, ſweet of face,
Yet void of every inward grace,
Compos'd her prime delight.

This little maid, as ſoon as born,
Had all her ſilky treſſes ſhorn,
And buried 'neath a tree,
The aſpen light—from whence refin'd
Her trembling notes could lull the mind
To fainting ecſtaſy.

The witch with ſpells forbad the ſun
To fix his duſky kiſſes on
Her ſpotleſs brow or chin:
Forbad with potent charms the air,
When ſporting with her raven hair,
To parch her ſnowy ſkin.

But ſtill, though lovelier than the light,
Sometimes a dark unuſual night
Would long her beauties hide:
When anger ſhook the furious maid,
Her cheek and lips were quick decay'd,
For all her roſes died.

Her brow ſerene would knit and ſcowl,
Her voice in harſhneſs ape the owl,
That haunts the midnight air;
Till, paſſion's tempeſt overblown,
Again th' Æolian harp's ſoft tone
Would ſigh—"The weather's fair."

Oft at the hour of darkneſs dread,
When ſtars a feeble radiance ſhed,
The Dame forſook her towers,
And taught the virgin's hands to cull
Rank herbs of magic virtue full,
With fair but fatal flowers.

Early her coral lips could move
To call the cloud ſprites from above,
The demons from below.
Too ſoon, alone her voice could ſwell
The wild note of the witches ſpell,
With deſcant ſtrange and ſlow.

Oft lurking nigh the ſluggiſh ſtream
She watch'd to hear the Kelpie ſcream,
And wil'd him from the wave:
Oft danc'd ſhe with the Fairy queen
In ſome thick grove, or meadow green,
Or cool ſequeſter'd cave.

Swift-footed as the ſwallow's flight,
She'd chaſe the fiend that glimmers bright
To work the traveller woe—
And catch him—while amid the race
Her large eyes ſparkling in her face
Like ſhooting ſtars would glow.

'Twas night—the damſel took her ſtand,
All fearleſs, on the level ſand
That ſtretch'd along the ſhore:
There Rhunic characters ſhe trac'd,
There circles interſecting pac'd
In time to ocean's roar.

And huſhing ſoftly to her will,
The wild waves ſlumber'd, murm'ring ſtill
O'er many a twiſted ſhell,
While chaunting low the powerful rhyme,
She charg'd the tardy fiends to climb
The ſteep aſcent of hell.

" They come not—all my efforts fail—
" Sure mountain aſh trees ſcent the gale—
" But no—the charm is true—"
A figure from the hill deſcends,
Ah, how unlike the form of fiends
Full ſoon the damſel knew.

Of ſattin white his veſt is made,
With twiſted ſilver overlaid,
And ſcarlet are his hoſe ;
White his ſhort boots—his ſpurs of gold—
Around his bonnet, towering bold,
The ſwarthy plumage flows.

His locks in fair luxuriance grow—
Of high command his ample brow
With poliſh'd marble vies ;
And waving veins appear to guide,
Meand'ring pure, an azure tide
To ſparkle in his eyes.

Thoſe eyes of blue, that ſoftly roll,
Soon mov'd the witching maiden's ſoul
With joy till then unknown :
He ſpoke—ſhort grew her panting breath—
He ſmil'd—Ah, hide thoſe pearly teeth ;
The damſel's heart is gone.

" While feaſting in a diſtant tower
" I heeded not the fleeting hour,
" That bad the gueſts depart;
" And in the windings of the coaſt,
" Fair maid, my lonely way is loſt"—
Thought ſhe—" 'Tis like my heart."

" Sure thou'rt no daughter of the wave,
" But form'd the wanderer's life to ſave,"
He ſaid, and ſeiz'd her hands :
" Canſt thou forſake the breezy tide,
" Canſt thou my erring footſteps guide
" To where my Caſtle ſtands ?

" Earl William, damſel, is my name—
" My fires have won immortal fame,
" Where warlike banners fly:
" And late my father's honour'd ſprite
" Took from this earthy round its flight,
" To triumph in the ſky."

Then well the fair Enchantreſs knows,
At whoſe warm touch her ſoft palm glows,
Of magic power beguil'd:
Who gazes on her downcaſt face,
Where, ſhaded by the jetty treſs,
Move eyes of radiance wild.

Much did the wond'ring Earl admire
Her beauty, grac'd with rich attire,
A gown of ſattin red;
A mantle ſmall of ermine white,
And diamonds, ſcatt'ring varied light,
Around her neck and head.

Long mute ſhe ſtood—but ſweet and clear
At length her voice pervades his ear—
She woos him to her tower;
Hard by, ſhe ſaith, her mother dwells—
His path is dreary 'croſs the fells,
And riſing ſtorm-clouds low'r.

Ah! ſore the heav'ns did frown on thee,
Young Earl, when near the moon-gilt ſea
Thou met'ſt this ſmiling ruin:
Ah! few words did ſhe need, I trow,
To lure thee, led by love, to go
With her to thy undoing.

The woods were thick, the brake obſcure,
The damſel's footing inſecure,
The youth muſt help provide;
Oft on his foot ſhe gently trod,
Or chid the roughneſs of the road,
Then leant againſt his ſide.

And cloſely to his arm ſhe clung,
And whiſper'd ſoft—or wildly ſung
A ſoul-diſſolving lay:
She felt his heart tumultuous beat,
She knew her conqueſt all complete
Ere ending of their way.

In lofty hall of fretted ſtone
They found the matron witch alone,
A folio in her hand,
With golden claſps, and pictures rare
Of every ſprite that flies in air,
Or glides upon the land.

She clos'd the parchment book in haſte,
And quick the marble pavement pac'd
The ſtranger Earl to greet;
Her ſable velvet ſwept behind,
While all around the flowers of Inde
Exhal'd their odours ſweet.

" Welcome," ſhe cried ; " thy mien proclaims
" A bloſſom from the nobleſt ſtems,
" Thrice welcome, youth, to me !
" Sure in thoſe features plain I trace
" The beauties boaſted by a race
" Of worth and high degree."

Then did the crafty maid recite
The paſt adventures of the night,
With ſeeming artleſs truth ;
How in the moonſhine wand'ring on,
Led by the murm'ring wave, alone
She met the noble youth.

Oft in the progreſs of the tale
Her mother's cheek was fluſh'd and pale,
From mingling joy and dread ;
For much ſhe hop'd the Earl to ſnare,
But knew his troth was plight elſewhere,
His heart another's meed.

Meantime ſix pages, light and gay
As finches ſmall in month of May,
All clad in ſilken ſuits,
Serv'd up on gold the ſumptuous feaſt;
Rare fowls, with coſtly ſauces dreſt,
And renovating roots.

The dame, reſolv'd to venture all,
Sits penſive in the lofty hall;
Not ſo her lively gueſt:
The wine in ſparkling plenty flows,
And aids the genial ſtream that glows
Within his generous breaſt.

And ſtill from curtain'd gallery rung
Harps by immortal fingers ſtrung—
Then breath'd the mellow flute;
Which ceas'd—a voice beyond compare
Outwarbled thouſand larks in air,
With blending of the lute.

That firſt, in trembling prelude fleet,
Seem'd in the clouds to make retreat,
Until the voice aroſe,
Which, ſwifter far, with mazy flight,
Swell'd to the ſummit of delight,
Then ſunk with ſighing cloſe.

And ſtill the burden of the ſong
Was, " Merry Spring ne'er laſteth long,
" Blythe Summer ſpeeds away!
" Of preſent bliſs, O, take thy fill,
" For he ſhall never, when he will,
" That will not when he may."

The banquet o'er—the muſic fled—
The falſe dame ſudden illneſs pled,
And from the hall withdrew—
The Earl and virgin left alone—
Ah, bitterly what then was done
They both had cauſe to rue.

The riſing ſun had ſcarcely ſhed
O'er hill and tow'r a bluſhing red,
Tinting the damſel's cheek
With modeſty's unwonted dye,
When from the hall the Earl muſt hye,
His own abode to ſeek.

Much did the ladies preſs his ſtay
With ſoothing prayer—he would away;
Their blandiſhments are vain:
And weak the wicked charms they tried
To raiſe his lemman to his bride;
He ne'er return'd again.

He ne'er return'd—for ſpells have power
To wake the paſſion of an hour,
Which flames to lawleſs end;
But ah! no helliſh arts inſpire
Thoſe ſparks refin'd of heav'nly fire,
That to God's altar bend.

A purer maid's unconſcious ſmile
Had early wove the ſilken toil,
Which fix'd the willing prey:
The guardians too had giv'n conſent,
But ſtill five twelvemonths muſt be ſpent
Before the bridal day.

How paſs the youthful pair their time?
In ſweet joys ſwelling to the prime,
In hope undaſh'd by fears:
While in the witch's lonely hall
Grief and deſpair for vengeance call,
'Mid ceaſeleſs ſighs and tears.

The matron, ſkill'd to wreak her ſpleen,
Roll'd cakes of wax her hands between,
Before a charmed fire,
And ſought her daughter's aid to frame
The well known ſhape, and give the name
Of her young baby's ſire.

For in her arms reclin'd a boy,
That ſweetly ſmil'd with reckleſs joy,
His little hand diſplaying
Now to the bright gem in her ear,
Now to the ſolitary tear,
That o'er her cheek was ſtraying.

Him oft, with many a fond careſs,
His mother to her breaſt would preſs,
Then hide him from her view;
For ſoft his little eye-balls gleam'd,
And all ſo like his fire he ſeem'd,
She'd hate and love him too.

No holy man of wholeſome pray'r
Theſe dames had call'd in pious care,
The infant to baptize;
Though God's bleſt dew ne'er touch'd his face,
This loſt flow'r bloom'd with lovely grace,
Till ſcorch'd in cruel guiſe.

" Come, daughter, vengeance ſpurns delay,
" Soon ſhall thy falſe one end his day,
" Firſt doom'd, like us, to pine ;
" Behold the wax—I've done my part,
" Come, thruſt a pin through that baſe heart,
" Which planted thorns in thine !"

The babe on ſwelling cuſhions laid ;
With trembling hand—diſtreſt—diſmay'd—
The damſel 'gan to ply
The yielding maſs—and to the flame
She held it cloſe ; then William's name
Was whiſper'd in a ſigh.

A golden bodkin from her hair
She ſnatch'd, when o'er her ſhoulders bare
Her ſtreaming ringlets fell—
Deep, deep the image did ſhe pierce,
While the old ſorc'reſs grinning fierce
Sent forth a joyous yell.

Still heaping up the crackling fire,
To which with ſlow gradation nigher
The fatal ſhape ſhe turn'd;
Till yielding to the pow'rful heat
The clammy wax began to ſweat
On brands that neareſt burn'd.

"Now cold drops bathe Lord William's face,
"Now aches that heart ſo hard and baſe,
"He faints by ſlow degrees;
"No bridal veils thoſe damps remove,
"No preſſures ſoft from palms of love
"Afford that boſom eaſe."

The witch this vaunting ſcarce began,
When from the flame her viſage wan
The damſel turn'd away,
Mov'd or by pity, or the blaze,
But lo—her melancholy gaze
Fix'd where the infant lay.

Who, ſtartled by the huge fire's ſound,
Lurk'd 'mid green cuſhions ſwelling round,
Half pleas'd and half afraid;
Fair as the valley's timid flower,
Or violet, that loves to cower
Beneath its leafy ſhade.

" Ah me, fair child—thoſe eyes—thoſe eyes.
" Perhaps e'en now thy father dies—"
She ſcream'd—with furious haſte
The bodkin from the boſom drew,
Then on the floor the image threw,
And all its form defac'd.

Away five tedious twelvemonths glide,
And William waits his lovely bride;
She that from yonder iſle
Muſt o'er the faithleſs ocean ſail:
" Breathe gently freſh, thou weſtern gale,
" Ye dimpling billows, ſmile!"

Thus ſpoke the Earl—forgetful quite
Of one who ſorrow'd day and night,
Mingling with tears her food;
Who proſtrate on the pavement lay,
Curſing aloud the nuptial day,
And man's ingratitude.

When huſh—the folding door expands,
And near her drooping daughter ſtands
The dame—and by her ſide
A ſtranger, of majeſtic air,
Whoſe huge black beaver, ſlouch'd with care,
Doth all his viſage hide.

Saving his chin deform'd with ſcars,
And briſtling dread with matted hairs,
As black as fun'ral pall—
His mantle long was ſombre grey,
And at his breath died quick away
The flow'rs that deck'd the hall.

For cold it ſteam'd, with frequent ſigh,
Chill as the damps that linger nigh
The dead pool's weedy brink:
The damſel's ringlets waveleſs hung,
Whence dropping, to her robe it clung
With ſtains like blackeſt ink.

"Cheer up, cheer up," the matron cries,
"From off the marble pavement riſe,
"Behold a comfort here!
"One I have long and cloſely known,
"Who only to his friends is ſhown
"When griefs are moſt ſevere.

"To morrow eve thy rival ſails
"Far from her native hills and vales,
"To meet her falſe bridegroom:
"Yet by this ſtranger's potent aid,
"In Ocean's arms the wiſhing maid
"Shall find a colder doom.

" His are the blaſts with howling ſweep,
" That ſwell the boſom of the deep,
" To whelm the veſſel ſinking:
" But what he wills to do for thee
" Muſt—mark me well—rewarded be
" Beyond thy pow'rs of thinking."

She ſtarted up—" O ſtranger, ſay,
" Can aught thy precious aid repay,
" If this great work be done?"
He anſwer'd, with a ghoſtly ſound,
Like echo from a cave profound,
" Thy unbaptized ſon."

Cold ſhiv'rings ſeiz'd the damſel's frame,
Sick, ſick her flutt'ring heart became
In ſudden hope's decay:
Again ſhe on the pavement fell,
But ſaw the dreadful foot of hell
Beneath the mantle grey.

Keen malice with maternal love
Long in her panting boſom ſtrove ;
" O ſpare my little treaſure,
" And aught beſide thou canſt demand,
" Shall be, ſtern pow'r, at thy command
" Paid with moſt grateful pleaſure !"

" E'en my own corpſe, the ſpirit gone,
" Shall, limbs and body—fleſh and bone—
" Thy hungry demons feed."
Again the voice with hideous hum
Mutter'd—" Vain woman, or be dumb,
" Or grant my only meed."

Long does the antient witch adviſe,
And paſſion loud for vengeance cries.
At laſt—'mid flooding tears—
" Thine he ſhall be, my rival dead"—
She ſaid—and nodding thrice his head
The demon diſappears.

The ſea breeze with the white foam ſporting,
The waves the veſſel's gay ſide courting,
And round the pebbles playing—
The ſilken ſail in ruſtling pride,
All ſeem'd to whiſper to the bride,
" Come, come, no more delaying !"

Her damſels walking quick before,
At eve ſhe ſought the ſandy ſhore,
Where long the barge had waited ;
And, mantled in her milk-white veil,
Bad all the boatmen crowd the ſail,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be belated.

Full merrily they cut the foam—
But now, the dread hour almoſt come,
The witch began to quail :
She drew her baby to her heart,
And oft would turn her head, and ſtart,
As moan'd the ſighing gale.

The ſea-birds now forſake the ſhore,
The lurid ſky threats more and more,
And hollow ſound the waves,
Ridging ſo green with ſnow-white ſpray,
As if all faſhion'd to pourtray
Sad ſhrowds and ſwelling graves.

" Sweet mother, to the turret hye,
" And o'er the bleak ſands bend thine eye!
" Methinks the ſtorm's begun:
" To pay thoſe bitter drops of mine
" Soon ſhall my rival drink the brine;
" But ah—my ſon, my ſon!

" What ſee'ſt thou there, dear mother, ſay?"
" A veſſel gaily make its way
" In haſte, as if it flew;
" And in it I can well diſcern
" A lady, ſeated at the ſtern,
" As fair as white ſea mew."

" Periſh that fatal fair," ſhe cried,
When higher roſe the boiſt'rous tide,
And louder louder grew
The bellowing wind—and frequent came,
With forked flaſh, ſulphureous flame
Of ghaſtly pallid blue.

While ſea and air reſounded wild,
Still cloſer did ſhe claſp her child,
In paſſion's fierce extremes ;
Oft view'd his face with eager look,
Then with convulſive laughter ſhook,
That ſunk in tearful ſcreams.

And " babe," ſhe ſaid, " my rival's loſt—
" But dearly doth my triumph coſt,
" Ah, loud the billows roar—
" Good mother, what doſt now deſcry ?"—
" The veſſel on its broadſide lie—
" It ſinks—the coil is o'er."

" Joy, joy," the damſel wildly raves,
" She ſtruggles 'mid the raging waves,
" And William cannot aid.
" But darling child—ah, cruel meed!
" Yet may'ſt thou ſtill from hell be freed,
" The wicked one betray'd.

" For baptiſm, though from hands profane,
" May heav'n's prevailing help obtain—
" Be water brought with ſpeed!
" Ye bleſſed ſaints, my efforts crown—
" Ye holy angels, look adown
" On this unwonted deed!

" What fiend of night dare ſnatch away
" A vaſſal of the God of day,
" That may to heav'n aſpire?
" No, thou ſhalt bloom in Eden's bowers,
" And thou ſhalt taſte immortal ſhowers,
" In place of with'ring fire."

Then did the tardy mother bring
A portion of the cryſtal ſpring
Within a golden bowl;
Ah! ſcarce the damſel's hand attain'd
The brim, when water none remain'd,
'Twas blood, all clotted foul.

An earthquake ſhook the yawning ground—
Again ſhe claſp'd her baby round,
And tried in vain to pray
For aid—when through the portal came,
'Mid pois'nous ſmoke and glimm'ring flame,
The Fiend with mantle grey.

With geſture fierce, and fearful voice,
"Give me my due," he thunder'd thrice,
Then wrapp'd his garment dire
Around the boy—and growling fled;
Leaving a trace of bloody red,
With marks of curſed fire.

Now night and all its tempeſts o'er ;
A lady lies on yonder ſhore,
Stiff, ſtiff in each ſoft limb—
The wind hath ſtol'n her wedding veil,
And oh, her cold ſwoln cheek is pale,
Her ſtarting eye-balls dim !

The ſcreaming crows at diſtance fly ;
No hungry wolf approaches nigh,
To ſnuff his dread repaſt—
For two gaunt maſtiffs ſeize the prey,
Tearing the tender fleſh away,
And eat with furious haſte.

Thoſe are the witching ladies fell,
Transform'd by ointments wrought in hell,
To wreck their malice vile—
Farewel—farewel—thy pains are o'er—
Peace to thy ſoul for evermore,
Pale beauty of the iſle !!!

NOTES

ON

THE FIEND WITH MANTLE GREY.

Page 3. line 7.

The Lady Glammis; yea, ancient Joan.

THE Lady Glammis's witchcrafts are recorded in hiſtory, and were ſo atrocious, (though her family had never much reaſon to renounce the arm of fleſh for the metaphyſical aſſiſtance of ſpirits,) that ſhe was burnt to aſhes on the Caſtle-hill of Edinburgh. Dame Joan's pranks are not of equal notoriety; but although ſhe has coſt me, when young, many a night's reſt, I ſhall let her bones repoſe in peace in the Kirk of Northberwick. Lucky is it for Joan, that no ſupplement to Satan's Inviſible Word is likely ſoon to appear,—the race of good Mr. George Sinclare being no more—*tempora mutantur*—our Scotch Profeſſors are not now ſo credulous as formerly.

Page 3. line 13.

This little maid, as ſoon as born, &c, &c.

In ſome parts of Scotland this charm is ſtill prevalent, though now and then not very ſucceſsful. The quivering properties of the tree afford Shakeſpeare a beautiful ſimile in Titus Andronicus:

O had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
Tremble, like *aſpen* leaves, upon a lute,

And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.

Page 5. line 14.

Kelpie] The water Demon.

Page 18. line 11.

Then William's name was whiſper'd in a ſigh.

It was cuſtomary for the witches, while roaſting their victims, to pronounce their names. Thus in the confeſſions of the women tried at Paiſley, Feb. 15, 1678. for bewitching Sir George Maxwell, (who was a hypochondriac fool,) Annabel Stuart declares, that—"She was preſent in her mother's houſe when the effigies of wax "was made, and that it was made to repreſent Sir George Max-"well: that the black man," (i. e. the devil,) "Janet Mathie, the "declarant's mother, whoſe ſpirit's name was Land lady; Beſſie "Weir, whoſe ſpirit's name is Sopha; Margaret Craige, whoſe "ſpirit's name is Rigerum; and Margaret Jackſon, whoſe ſpirit's "name is Locas, were all preſent at the making of the ſaid effi-"gies; and that they bound it on a ſpit, and turned it before the "fire; and that it was turned by Beſſie Weir, ſaying as they turned "it, Sir George Maxwell, Sir George Maxwell; and that this was "expreſſed by all of them, and by the declarant." It is worthy of remark, that on theſe occaſions the Scotch witches were much more elegant in their expreſſions than their ſiſters of England, whoſe imprecations of evil, if Mr. Glanvill is to be truſted, were exceedingly coarſe and indelicate—nay, Ann Biſhop, the devil's favourite Sultana, was not a whit more refined than her neighbours; as appears by the confeſſion of Alice Duke, taken A. D. 1664, before Robert Hunt, Eſq. Indeed the ſaid Alice ſeems to have been jealous of Ann's ſuperiority, remembering the very dreſs that ſhe wore at their meetings, and which I ſhall here ſet down for the benefit of the fair ſex—a green apron, a French waiſtcoat, and a red petticoat.—N. B. Ann Biſhop uſually ſat next the devil at his feſtivals.

Page 23. line 10.

He anſwer'd, with a ghoſtly ſound,
Like echo from a cave profound.

The devil ſeldom ſpeaks loud in Scotland; his voice is generally "hough and gouſtie"—hollow and ghoſtly—and he is cold in the extreme: a witch confeſſed, that when ſhe had renounced her baptiſm, the foul thief performed the ceremony anew after his own faſhion; "with ane waff of his hand, like the dewing."

Page 23. line 17.

But ſaw the dreadful foot of hell
Beneath the mantle grey.

It is to be remembered, that Satan, however he may conceal his other attributes of tail and horn, can by no means contrive to hide his cloven hoof; which is a great inconvenience to him, as people are thereby too ſoon put upon their guard againſt his inſidious addreſſes.

THE

LORD CLIFFORD'S SONG

ON

FAIR JULIAN.

"The ſaid Roger (Lord Clifford) was ſummoned to Parliament, ann. 13 and 14 Edw. II. and died unmarried, but left behind him ſome illegitimate children, which he had by a mean woman, called Julian of the Bower, for whom he built a ſmall houſe near Whinfield, (in Kendal diviſion in Weſtmoreland,) calling it after her name, Julian Bower."

COLLINS, *Vol. VI. p.* 430.

I.

I'LL doff my arms, I'll ſeize the lute,
For Love directs the hour—
Nor ſhields, nor ſwords, nor harneſs ſuit
Soft Julian of the Bower.

II.

In yon lone glen, far, far from ken,
Her humble dwelling ſtands;

More dear that lee and bower to me,
Than Broom [a] and all its lands.

III.

Tho' Skipton's painted roofs are high,
With many a gorgeous tower;
Give me the eve, the ſtarry ſky,
And Julian of the Bower!

IV.

'Twas bathing firſt ſhe bleſt mine eyes;
The moon did mildly beam—
A face above the wave did riſe
Like lily of the ſtream.

V.

I ſaw her wring her treſſes long,
And bind them round her brow;
I heard her ſing her veſper ſong,
And breathe her veſper vow.

[a] Brougham (pronounced Broom) Caſtle, together with Skipton, Appleby, &c. &c. was long in the poſſeſſion of the Clifford family.

VI.

Her wild notes ſwelling on the air
Were ſweeter, void of art:
And when ſhe bound her ringlets fair,
She bound for aye my heart.

VII.

What tho' no robes that lure the ſight
Aſſiſt her beauty's power;
The ruſſet ſhows like purple bright
On Julian of the Bower.

VIII.

Tho' ſprung from ſhepherd's humble race,
Nor gilt with golden dower;
No princeſs hath a fairer face
Than Julian of the Bower.

IX.

High dames will toſs the haughty head,
Or look aſkaunce and ſour—
Smiles ſtain thy lips with freſher red,
My Julian of the Bower.

X.

When war-blood rains on Scottiſh plains,
Amid the battle ſtoure,
The thought of thee my ſtrength ſuſtains,
Sweet Julian of the Bower.

XI.

When at the tilt the Knights combine
Their ladies' hearts to move,
The well fought garland ſtill is mine,
For thee, my ſecret love.

XII.

Safe blooms beneath the prickly thorn
The primroſe—gentle flower!
Ah, ne'er from me ſhalt thou be torn,
Fair Julian of the Bower.

XIII.

While ſuns illume the ſummer ſky,
While clouds in winter low'r,
For thee I'll fight, for thee I'll die,
Dear Julian of the Bower.

SIR HUGH.

(1803.)

—— Ea lapſa repente ruinam
Cum ſonitu trahit.

ÆNEID. *lib.* ii.

I.

SIR Hugh rode forth one ſummer eve
To ſmell the thorns in flower;
And lo! a dame he did perceive
Sit by a ruin'd tower.

II.

Of beauty rare, her raven hair
Did down her pale cheek flow;
And her eye ſhone clear, as the ſun will appear
When he riſes o'er hills of ſnow.

III.

She wore a kell of black velvette,
And a robe of velvette green;
With a coſtly veil of ſilver net,
A fairer hath never been.

IV.

She touch'd a lute of ivory ſmall,
And ſung with witching power,
"The graſs grows in my father's hall,
"The thiſtle in my mother's bower."

V.

A ſtone of the wall was all her ſeat,
The ivy hung round her head—
Sir Hugh drew in his courſer fleet,
And thus to the lady he ſaid:

VI.

O Lady fair, why ſit you there,
Alone by the ruin'd wall?
The evening ſtar ſhines bright afar,
And chill the damp dews fall.

VII.

O, well I love this twilight hour,
When all the world is mute;
And Echo from the lonely tower
Sings ſweetly to my lute.

VIII.

Alight, alight, thou gentle Knight,
And let thy courſer rove,
While I thine eager ears delight
With lays of melting love.

IX.

For many a ditty do I know
Of love—that charm of youth,
That pleaſing ſource of weal and woe,
Of falſehood and of truth.

X.

O Lady gay, I muſt not ſtay,
Tho' thou'rt ſo wondrous fair;
For much I fear theſe ruins drear,
Where mournful ghoſts repair.

XI.

My fire that caſtle overthrew,
Deſtroy'd the owner's name:
His wife and daughter periſh'd too
Unpitied in the flame.

XII.

Sad ſpectres oft with diſmal groans
Glide ghaſtly o'er the green;
And through the crevice of the ſtones
Pale rays of light are ſeen.

XIII.

And ſtill, at midnight hour I've heard,
Again the caſtle burns;
Tho' not one ivy leaf is ſear'd
When cheerful morn returns.

XIV.

Alight, alight, faint-hearted Knight,
No ghoſt thou need'ſt to fear;
For I can quell the fiends of hell
With carols loud and clear.

XV.

O dame ſans peer, I reſt not here ;
The daiſy drinks the dew ;
E'en now the bat, to ſpectres dear,
From yon dark turret flew.

XVI.

But hark the thruſh, in wild roſe buſh,
Expecting home his mate—
O ſtranger ſtay—why this delay,
When ladies bid you wait?

XVII.

He ſpurr'd his ſteed—ſhe ſtruck the lute,
And ſung ſo loud and ſhrill,
That Echo join'd in ſweet purſuit
From ev'ry tower and hill.

XVIII.

The dulcet ſounds, in evil hour,
Arreſt the warrior's way—
Ah! who can conquer Muſic's pow'r
When Beauty chaunts the lay?

XIX.

With luckleſs ſpeed he left his ſteed,
And ſat the Lady by;
The nightſhade ſhook in the Gothic nook,
And the owl was heard to cry.

XX.

The nightſhade ſhook in the Gothic nook
At her chords of magic power—
With fatal weight, on the hapleſs Knight
Ruſh'd down the craſhing tower.

XXI.

Ere dawn of day, his courſer true
Returned home again:
And long they ſought him, young Sir Hugh,
But ſtill they ſought in vain.

XXII.

Where yonder maſs of ruin ſpreads
Its ſtones of mighty ſize,
And wall-flowers wave their golden heads,
The ſlumb'ring warrior lies:

XXIII.

Ah, ne'er again on courſer fleet
To wind his hunter's horn ;
Ah, ne'er to ſmell the breezes ſweet
Breathe through the flowering thorn.

XXIV.

And ſtill they tell, at that lone place
The female form is ſeen,
With ſilver veil, and lovely face,
And robe of velvette green.

XXV.

She ſtrikes a lute of ivory ſmall,
And ſings with Syren power ;
" The graſs grows in my father's hall,
" The thiſtle in my mother's bower."

STANZAS

ADAPTED TO

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH AIR.

I.

OH man, condemn'd to dye, allace,
Whye doe you proudly vaunte
The bloſſomes of a youthful face,
And drearye wrinkles taunte?
Whye prize ſoe much that viſage faire,
That brightlye beaming eye,
Thoſe waving locks of criſped haire,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye?

II.

Whye boaſte thoſe lion ſinews ſtronge,
That greyhound's graceful ſpeed,

Thoſe ſportes that ſhine the fair amonge,
And graver arts exceed?
Whye vaunte the ſweetneſs of thy voice,
Tho' ſorrow's lullabye,
Or courtly phraſe's happy choice,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye?

III.

Whye glorye that in tuneful ſtrains
The ancient Bards you foil,
Or vanquiſh with triumphaunt pains
The bookman's ceaſeleſs toil;
Roam through the wonders of the earth,
The ocean, and the ſky,
Where thouſand prodigies have birth,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye?

IV.

The chillye Winter cometh faſt,
When colde ſucceedeth heat,
And cruel froſts will quicklye blaſt
That face ſoe paſſing ſweet;

Thoſe orbs that roll in liquid light
Will freeze full dim and drye:
Thoſe curls untwin'd wex grey and white,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye.

V.

Thoſe members of gigantic molde
Will quake like aſpen pale;
And ah! when feeble growne, and olde,
What then doe ſportes avail?
Thoſe notes of heaven that witch'd the ear
Pine to the cricket's crye;
And who can toothleſs talkers beare,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye?

VI.

Time plucks the quills from fancie's wing,
And tames the poet's laye:
Tho' flatterers ſtill their tribute bring,
Wee heede not what they ſaye;
The laud of learning loſes zeſt,
No longer rivals vie,

When mould'ring in a narrow cheſt,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye.

VII.

But Nature's works, through which in youthe
With curious eye we range,
Should teache the ſoul-appalling truth,
That all at laſt muſt change—
The joy of Beauty, Genius, Lore
In age muſt ever flye,
Allace! how ſoon the charm is o'er,
Since men are doom'd to dye!

FALSE LORD CARLEIL,

AND THE

FAIR LADY ALICE.

" O degli huomini inferma, e inſtabil mente;
" Come ſiam preſti a varier di ſegno.

ARIOSTO.

" Allace for luf, how mony themſelf do ſpill.

The Biſhop of Dunkeld.

I.

THE lonely fir in yonder glen,
Where never thruſh is heard to ſing;
That plat, untrod by foot of men,
Unmark'd by fairies' blytheſome ring;
Thoſe wither'd leaves, from greenwood blown,
That ruſtle in the evening gale,
And cluſter round the moſs-clad ſtone,
Record a ſad and dreary tale.

There long agone would blackbirds chaunt
Their clear notes at the cloſe of day;
And there the crimſon woodbine flaunt
With rathe perfume and bright array:
And there the violet blue would ſpread,
With primroſe pale, the meadow's pride.
But birds are mute, and flowers decay'd,
Since all untimely Alice died.

II.

She died—yet when by moonlight ſtrays
Near that black fir the fearful hind,
A lady lingers there, he ſays,
With ringlets waving in the wind.
Mild ſeem her looks, tho' much diſtreſt,
While ſoft ſhe'll ſigh, but never ſpeak—
One lily hand o'erſhades her breaſt;
And ſtill the tear is on her cheek.

III.

That lady's ſire at Flodden plain,
Beholding danger's frown with ſcorn,

'Mid all the flower of Scotland ſlain,
Left his fair dame and babe forlorn.
His widow, deſolate and poor,
Dwelt in yon tower which yews ſurround;
'Twas there her wounded heart a cure
Of ſorrows paſt in Alice found.
For Alice at her mother's feet
Would ſit and ſing the plaintive lay,
With infant voice ſo ſoft and ſweet,
"Our foreſt flowers are wed away."
And Alice oft would weep to ſee
Her parent's breaſt with anguiſh ſwell;
And ſtint the ſong, and climb her knee,
To catch the tear that trickling fell.
Yea, bathed in tears this flow'ret ſprung:
Perchance more lovelineſs they gave;
As Beauty, by the poets ſung,
Emerg'd from ocean's briny wave.

IV.

But now had ſummers full ſixteen
In freſh robes deck'd the foreſts gay,
When Alice, in her mantle green,
Was twice as fair and freſh as they.
Her charms no gorgeous coifings aid,
Wild roſes for her hair ſhe'd plait,
Brief gems, that on the forehead fade,
An emblem of the wearer's fate.
The nobleſt youths of Annandale
For Alice broke the tilting ſpear,
Yet ſtill to love's unwelcome tale
The lady lent a careleſs ear.
Till falſe Sir Michael reach'd his prime:
Tall as the mountain larch he grew,
And fragrant as the dewy thyme
That roving bees at dawn purſue.
Well could he ſpeak with winning grace,
And ſmooth expreſs the amorous thought,

Gilding with feigned ſhame his face,
That bluſh'd the apple all to nought.
Ah me, that e'er the poiſonous worm
Should coil below the heathbell ſweet;
Ah me, that oft the faireſt form
Deceives the hope of virtues meet!
Full deadly is the dimpled cheek,
The beamy eye, the flowing hair,
The roſy lip, and forehead ſleek,
If falſehood's viper lurketh there.

V.

In yonder ruin'd chapel's bound
He plighted everlaſting truth;
In yonder lonely dell he found
How credulous are love and youth.

VI.

But autumn winds began to blow,
That change the green leaves all to brown;
No longer doth his falſe heart glow,
He pleads a wrathful father's frown:

As if the ſcowl of age could chill
Thoſe charming fires by youth careſt,
Freeze in the veins the boiling rill,
Or chain the tumults of the breaſt.
No more he ſeeks the ivied tower,
And Lady Alice 'gan to weep,
To weep, and roam at midnight hour
By moonlight near the rolling deep.
Oft would ſhe gaze the ſtream upon,
Reflecting clear the turrets grey,
And count and envy every ſtone
That peaceful at the bottom lay;
Reclining ſtill the penſive head,
While dropt the chaplet from her brow;
For mirth and play, her ſpirits fled,
Were grief and pain to Alice now.
But yet her lute at cloſe of day
She'd touch with woe-bewilder'd mien,
And warbling greet pale Luna's ray
With broken chords, and ſighs between.

VII.

Her parent, with a mother's grief,
Full ſoon the ſecret dire divin'd:
But where finds poverty relief?
What balm can ſlighted paſſion find?
" Oh, Alice, write once more," ſhe cried,
" We'll try to melt this heart of ſtone;
" To rouſe his fears, alarm his pride;
" Tho' few thy friends, tho' father none.
" Woo him to meet thee in the dell
" Where waving firs obſtruct the view;
" And there, for grief ſtill pleadeth well,
" Sir Michael yet his deeds may rue."
Averſe, her mother's raſh command
In evil moment Alice fair
Obey'd, and fram'd with trembling hand
Some lines of fondneſs and deſpair.

VIII.

Morn's breezes with the ivy play
Torthorald's lofty towers around,

When falſe Sir Michael took his way
To hunter's joys with hawk and hound.
He ſtood upon the moat's green edge,
His dark hair curling in the gale;
But ſoon appear'd the lady's page,
And quick the hunter's cheek grew pale:
Grew pale, tho' haughty ſmiles he wore,
And laugh'd, the ſeal's fond motto read;
But ſcarce the ſcanty lines glanc'd o'er,
When e'en the mirth of ſcorn was fled.
Stern, fierce, and dreadful chang'd his look,
While his fair brow in wrinkles frown'd;
The tercell from his hand he ſhook,
And ſpurn'd to earth the fawning hound.
Yet ſmooth'd his ſpeeches to betray,
" Boy, bid thy lady dear believe,
" That I the ſummons glad obey,
" To meet her late to-morrow eve,
" Where hanging woodbines thickly grow,
" Around the moſs-embroider'd ſtone,

" And bluſhing daiſies ſpring below;
" But ſhe muſt meet me there alone."

IX.

Dim ſet the ſun behind the fell,
And ſighing winds foretold the ſhower;
Dark, dark, and diſmal ſhow'd the dell,
When Alice left the ivied tower.
Long on the threſhold did ſhe ſtand,
And weep of boding tears a ſtream,
Still clinging to her mother's hand,
Till Heſper ſhed a feeble beam.
Then in her ſilken mantle green
She croſs'd with haſty ſtep the glade,
While far her lovely locks were ſeen
Long waving through the dreary ſhade.

X.

With many a ſigh, and whiſper'd prayer,
Her mother ſits in lonely tower,
All penſive, by the oak-fire's glare,
Till midnight's melancholy hour.

Then broke the moon through tempeſt's cloud,
And pierc'd the painted caſement bright,
When miſts, as with a fun'ral ſhroud,
Cloath'd the blue hills in mournful white.
—" I hear her gentle footſteps fall,
" I ſee her floating ringlets gleam—
" Alas, that ruſtling ivied wall!
" Alas, that moon-be-ſilver'd ſtream!"

XI.

At length unclos'd the heavy door,
On creaking hinges hoarſe and ſlow,
And Alice glided 'croſs the floor,
Pallid and cold as Criffel's ſnow.
The rain had drench'd her viſage fair,
Her mantle green, and flowing veſt;
One lily hand retain'd her hair
Collected o'er her lovely breaſt;
The other wip'd her tearful eye,
Fix'd ſadly on her mother's face—

" Oh, mild is death to them that ſigh,
" Oh, pleaſant now my reſting-place !
" Heard'ſt thou not ſhrieks at twilight grey,
" Faint riſing from the lonely dell ?
" The birds fled trembling all away,
" But thy beloved ſongſtreſs fell.
" Pierc'd by the cruel lover's ſteel
" I lie beneath a weight of clay :
" Yet none can gueſs what murd'rers feel,
" Though mountains on their boſoms lay.
" The graſs is dyed of crimſon hue,
" And black drops ſpot the moſſy ſtone ;
" But morning ſun and evening dew
" Shall ſmile and weep till all be gone.
" Nor ſummer-beams that brighteſt glow,
" Nor dews that fall like April rain,
" Can ſunſhine on his boſom throw,
" Or cleanſe his blacken'd ſoul again.
" When in Torthorald's lofty hall
" He revels 'mid the barons brave,

" His mind ſhall ſtray, in ſpite of all,
" To glens where lonely fir-trees wave.
" Whene'er he views a blooming maid,
" In youth and beauty's wonders dreſt,
" To him her cheek ſhall ſeem to fade,
" And life-blood tinge her ſwelling breaſt.
" Tho' to his page he ſhout amain,
' Fill, fill the bowl till ſtreaming o'er'—
" His quiv'ring lip rejects the ſtain
" Of aught reſembling human gore.
" For Conſcience to the murd'rer ſpeaks
" In all around, the wrath divine ;
" In ladies' ſoftly-bluſhing cheeks ;
" In golden goblets crown'd with wine;
" In muſic's tones, whoſe mighty power
" Can almoſt ſtay the fleeting breath,
" And cheer affliction's ſaddeſt hour—
" To him the ſighs and ſhrieks of death.
" The rack and wheel, with horrid rows
" Of ſpikes, that wound each aching bone,

" Are beds of ſweetneſs and repoſe
" To Michael's ſtately couch of down.
" Then let not vengeance urge thee on
" To bring the felon deed to light;
" He ſhall in fearful anguiſh groan—
" And now a long, a ſad good-night.
" Oh, mild is death to them that ſigh!
" Oh, ſweet the ſlumber of the grave!"—
She ſaid, and ſwiftly flitted by,
Like ſhadows o'er the heaving wave.

NOTES

ON

FALSE LORD CARLEIL.

FALSE Lord Carleil is an ideal perſonage, though there have heretofore been many peers of that title in Dumfrieſſhire. In the reign of Queen Marie, the learning of Michael Lord Carleil was ſo ſcanty, that he could not write his own name, as is proven by a bond dated 1567. The Caſtle of Torthorwald belonged originally to a family of the ſame name, which ended in an heireſs, Iſabel, daughter of Sir David de Torthorwald, who married Duncan, brother to Sir Roger Kirkpatrick of Cloſeburne. (temp. K. Ro. I.) Duncan, Lord of Torthorwald, is celebrated in the Blind Minſtrel's Life of Wallace: (Books V. and VI.) Shortly after his time, the Caſtle and Barony appear to have come into the Carleil family; for I find that in the year 1332, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Cloſeburne contracted his daughter Elizabeth to Sir John Carleil, ſon of William Carleil, who was ſecond ſon of Sir William Carleil of Torthorwald, by the Lady Margaret Brus, ſiſter to the King. (Archives of the Carleil family.) Stones ſtill remain near the ruins of the Caſtle, having the Kirkpatrick arms cut upon them. (Groſe's Antiq. of Scotland.) And it may be remarked, that this family at different times hath poſſeſſed, either by hereditary right, conqueſt, or warrant from the Crown, the caſtles of Cloſeburne, Caerlaverok, Torthorwald, Durriſdeer, Lochmabane, and Hoddam.

Page 51. line 10.

Our foreſt flowers are wed away.

Vide the beautiful ballad called " The Flowers of the Foreſt" in the Border Minſtrelſy.

Page 58. line 12.

Pallid and cold as Criffel's ſnow.

Criffel is a lofty mountain in Dumfriesſhire.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM THE

SHADE OF THE COUNTESS OF ROXBURGH

TO THE

HON. MISS DRUMMOND, OF PERTH.

Jean, daughter of Patrick Lord Drummond by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir David Lindſay of Edzeil, afterwards Earl of Crawford, married Robert Earl of Roxburgh: ſhe had the care of the children of King Charles I. and went with Princeſs Marie into Holland, at the time of her marriage. Her picture was till lately in the garret at Drummond Caſtle; but is now, with ſundry other valuable portraits of the ſame ſtamp, relieved from durance vile.

MADAM,

I.

THO' poets ſing, and ſages ſay,
That every dog muſt have his day,
I held it but a joke:

For who that's wealthy, young, and fair,
And buildeth caſtles in the air,
Can think theſe caſtles ſmoke?

II.

Snow form'd my ſkin, fond lovers ſwore,
My cheek, the roſe from China's ſhore,
A planet bright, mine eye.
It never came into my head
That ſnow will melt, and roſes fade,
And miſts obſcure the ſky.

III.

I caught an Earl, and held him faſt,
But, ah! our pleaſures never laſt;
Some furrows 'gan to wrinkle
Around my mouth, which wider grew,
Around mine eyes of heav'nly blue,
That did leſs clearly twinkle.

IV.

I ſtill was little paſt my prime,
So, catching by the pig-tail Time,
That caus'd theſe dire alarms,

I to a famous limner went,
Who might on canvaſs repreſent
My ſweet, but fleeting charms.

V.

The picture fairly hung on high,
Each day, each hour, with gloating eye,
I at its beauties gaz'd;
Thinking, " when great grand-nieces ſee
" This moſt enchanting map of me,
" They will be ſo amaz'd!

VI.

" When ſtooping ſhoulders, poking chins,
" Red frowzy hands, and freckled ſkins,
" Make careful mothers ſcold,
" They'll cry, ' Look up to yonder wall,
' Where Lady Jean ſo ſtraight and tall
' Her head doth ſtately hold!

VII.

' Will clowniſh, ſun-burnt, ſlouching girls
' E'er ſhine like her, or marry Earls,
' Or live on canvaſs? No—

'She walk'd erect, with portly grace,
'Had not one freckle on her face,
'And hands like drifted ſnow.

VIII.

'On conqueſt bent, ſhe ſlew her man,
'Whene'er ſhe wav'd that feather fan,
'Or wore that plaited ruffle:
'The magic circle of her hoop
'Made half the Scottiſh nobles ſtoop,
'To kiſs her lac'd pantoufle."

IX.

Ah, hope how vain! this portrait rare,
Far from a model for the fair,
When bent on peers eſpouſing,
Degraded from its ancient place,
Serves in a garret—dire diſgrace!
To ſcare the cats from mouſing.

X.

Say, would it not thine anger move,
(Though but ſucceſsleſs Lawrence ſtrove,

With pencil over-raſh,)
To have thy picture, by thine heirs,
Hoiſted up fifty pair of ſtairs,
'Mid trunks and other traſh?

XI.

Nor Job, the ancient Hebrew wonder,
Nor ſhe, who never ſpoke in thunder,
Sweet Grizzle's ſelf, could bear it:
Nay, worrying curs and bruins rough
Have "ample verge, and room enough [a],"
While I—am in the garret!

XII.

But, ſweet, beware! You've heard it ſaid,
That wrongs can rouſe the peaceful dead;
And nurſes hold for certain,
That ghoſts in ſhrouds of diſmal hue,
Bedeck'd with poiſon-dropping yew,
Can draw the midnight curtain:

[a] Alluding to a hunting-piece in the dining room at Drummond Caſtle.

XIII.

While briſtles up the wretch's hair,
With ſaucer eyes they wildly ſtare,
And grunt in hollow groan;
Yea, as the ruſh-light glimmers blue,
Speak fearful words, that pierce quite through
A very heart of ſtone.

XIV.

Now let this gentle hint ſuffice,
A word's ſufficient to the wiſe—
I've made my meaning plain;
Nor ſable prieſts, nor the red ſea,
Nor Latin falſe ſhall frighten me,
And ſo I your's remain,

JEAN ROXBURGH.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY

A PASSAGE IN OSBORNE'S LETTERS,

P. 125. Edit. 1673.

WHEN I am gone, no ſtately vault ſhall hold,
With diſmal vanity, my poor remains,
To taint the healthful air; nor ſcutcheons bold
Scare from my place of reſt the linnet's ſtrains.
Oh no! 'mid lowly ſlumb'rers of the plains,
Let my green tomb with willow twigs be dreſt,
Where, peering freſh to April's ſparkling rains,
The primroſe ſweet may ſpring upon my breaſt;
And thence ſome lovely rural maid's adorn,
Who crops, like lambkin mild, the flow'ret new,
And dries with heart unchill'd its pearly dew,
Within the houſe of prayer, on Sabbath's holy morn.

TRANSLATION

OF

A FRENCH POEM,

COMPOSED

ON THE MURDER OF HENRI, DUKE OF GUISE.

The originals of theſe verſes appeared to poſſeſs ſome merit, being "aſſez paſſables pour le temps paſſé," according to De Roſſet, ſo that I have eſſayed to put them into Engliſh, omitting, however, ſeveral ſtanzas which ſavour of tautology. They are printed in a very amuſing book, written by the ſaid François De Roſſet, which he calls "Hiſtoires Tragiques de noſtre temps," full of marvellous adventures, producing ſtill more marvellous commentaries. He has adapted a ſtory of his own to theſe lines, which, he ſaith, "Je in-"fere ici, parce qu'il eſt à propos, pour apprendre à beaucoup qui "les approprient à feu Monſieur de Guiſe, qu'ils ſe trompent "grandement."—Henri le Balafré, Duke of Guiſe, was ſlain by order of the King, A. D. 1588, with all the previous circumſtances of treachery common in that abominable age. N. B. The Lady to whom his ſpectre appears cannot be the fair Marmoutier, for ſhe was in the Caſtle of Blois at the time of his murder; but this gallant Duke had many Floras in Paris.

I.

'TWAS when the night with all her ſtarry ſtrain
Before the ruddy ſtreaks of morn had fled,
While balmy ſleep diſtill'd Lethean rain,
The dew of poppies on the wretch's head ;

II.

Around my couch a mournful wailing flows,
How like the tones of him I dearly lov'd !
And hands more deadly chill than Alpine ſnows
My ſlumbers with a fond careſs remov'd.

III.

A youth, deform'd with wounds, and bath'd in gore,
Sunk at my feet—then died my ſoul away ;
My heart in painful throbbings beat no more,
And cold, and mute, and motionleſs I lay.

IV.

" Ah, Flora," ſaid the ſad one, " baniſh fear.
" Before I quit for aye the realms above,
" And ſeek the gloomy ſhades, the vallies drear,
" I pay this diſmal tribute to my love."

V.

I knew his voice, his wonted charms beheld,
Which e'en to death could winning grace convey:
" What God," I weeping cried, " hath thee compell'd
" To leave ſo ſoon our lovely light of day?"

VI.

" Gods every deed of ruthleſs murder ſhun:
" E'en to his towers with letters falſe betray'd,
" By one baſe enemy the crime was done,
" While menial villains lent their maſter aid."

VII.

" O, could not thoſe rich treaſures Heav'n beſtows,
" Strength, beauty, wiſdom, proweſs rare, that hurl'd
" Deſtruction on thy country's proudeſt foes,
" Make thee belov'd of all th' admiring world?"

VIII.

" Flora, alas! thoſe treaſures prov'd my bane,
" My high renown a poiſon have I found,
" The rock that ſplit my bark amid the main,
" The flaſh of heav'n that ſtruck me to the ground.

IX.

" Tho' fain would I have ſunk on glory's bed,
" Storming a camp, or ſome ſtrong bulwark'd place.
" Ah me! it doubly grieves thy lover dead
" To loſe the radiance of thy charming face."

X.

" Plain, plain, thy foe's deceit, his malice deep
" Proclaim the black injuſtice of thy doom;
" And tho' thy bones in dull obſtruction ſleep,
" Thy fame ſhall flouriſh in immortal bloom.

XI.

" Such grace, ſuch virtue, graven on my ſoul,
" Can ne'er be loſt in thy ſepulchral cell;
" Nor years ſhall o'er my faded memory roll
" Oblivion of the youth I lov'd ſo well."

XII.

" The wiſh of health will oft our ſickneſs mend:
" Conceal thy ſorrows in that gentle breaſt;
" And if thou canſt not quite forget thy friend,
" Think of our early love—nor heed the reſt."

XIII.

" Since every virtue in thy loſs I mourn,
" Shall I theſe drops of pious anguiſh hide?
" Alas! the heart by ſorrow's torrent worn
" Scarce bears a trace of pleaſure's dimpling tide."

XIV.

" Adieu, adieu! th' imperious voice I hear,
" That calls me where ſad ſpirits uſe to dwell:
" Farewel, thoſe eyes than ſtars more heav'nly clear,
" Flora the bright, a long, a laſt farewel!"

XV.

Quick from my couch I ſprung to ſtay his flight,
But claſp'd the air; for he, alas! was gone.
" Adieu, and oh! may Jove's eternal might
" Fix on thy brows a never-fading crown."

I SHALL take the liberty of adding a little more concerning Maſter François, and his Hiſtoires Tragiques. He was an author who wrote exactly in the guſto of the preſent age; and I cannot help thinking, that ſome of our late celebrated Romance-makers have been very much beholden to him. There is one paſſage in his work which is irreſiſtibly ſtriking, by its extreme nationality; no head but that of a Frenchman being able to conceive ſuch a circumſtance of diſtreſs as therein is related. After telling a long ſtory of a brother and ſiſter who ſet the laws of conſanguinity at defiance, and are brought to the ſcaffold for their incontinence; in the account of Mademoiſelle Doralice's deportment on that occaſion, he ſays: "Ayant achevé ſa priere, elle ſe dégraffa elle-même, "ſans vouloir permettre au bourreau de la toucher. Ayant oſté "ſon rabat, elle ſe mit à genoux, et l'exécuteur luy banda les "yeux, et comme elle recommandoit ſon ame à Dieu, il ſépara "d'un coup la teſte d'un ſi beau corps, de qui la beauté étoit ob-"ſcurcie par ſon abominable paſſion. Quand cette exécution fut "faite, un des valets du bourreau tira le corps à l'écart, et en le ti-"rant le découvrit juſques à demy jambe, *et fit voir un bas de ſoye in-"carnat, ce qui faſcha tellement le bourreau, qu'il ne ſe pouvoit contenir "luy-meſme de pleurer, avecque tous les aſſiſtans*, qu'il pouſſa d'un coup "de pied ſon valet, de ſorte qu'il la fit cheoir de l'échaffaut en bas. "Auſſi une telle beauté, encores qu'elle eût mérité la mort, ne de-"voit pas être ſi vilainement traitée, tant pour la maiſon dont elle "étoit yſſuë, que pour l'heureuſe fin qu'elle venoit de témoigner."

In this book a ſerious ſonnet, at the end of an account of the Duke de Montmorency's execution, (1632.) concludes thus:

Toy qui ne ſçait pas
De quelle façon le trépas
Attaqua cette ame guerriere,
Ces deux vers t'en feront ſçavant.
"La parque l'a pris par derriere,
"N'oſant l'attaquer par devant."

Lines which are very applicable to ſuch a hero as Louis XIV. perhaps, but not to the Duke de Montmorency.

LORENZO AND ISABELLA;

FROM BOCCACCIO.

HIGH flights of grief I ſeek not to rehearſe,
My theme is lowly as my humble verſe:
For private ſorrows have the readier art
To wound us near, and wring the feeling heart.

'Twas in Meſſina, (thus the ſtory goes,)
To ſudden wealth three brother merchants roſe:
Their father dying, left the rich bequeſt,
And one fair jewel, worthy all the reſt—
A daughter young, ſo full of lively grace,
That all admir'd who ſaw her mien and face.
Amid her locks the doves of Venus ſtray'd,
Around her lips ten thouſand Cupids play'd;

But form'd for Hymen's bliſs, ſhe muſt remain
Void of his ſparkling torch and welcome chain,
Her brothers ſtill delaying to provide
A match, and make fair Iſabel a bride.

How oft the ſighing virgin's doom'd to ſee
A deal of beauty in a low degree!
And beauty once diſcern'd by loving eyes,
What hoards of hidden merit next ſurpriſe!
A charming youth theſe careful brothers paid
To count their gains, and guide th' extenſive trade:
In fatal hour from Arno's banks he came,
An ill-ſtarr'd youth—Lorenzo was his name:
His graceful ſtep, his bold majeſtic air,
The rich profuſion of his golden hair
Caught Iſabella's gaze; who joy'd to trace
A thouſand virtues in his manly face,
And then reſign'd her heart an eaſy prey
To love, increaſing faſt from day to day,
That broke her wonted reſt, and ſtole her bloom away.

Lorenzo ſoon perceiv'd what ail'd the dame,
For youths are ne'er unconſcious of the flame ;
A ſingle ſmile, a cheek once red or pale,
A little glance alone relates the tale.
Well pleas'd his beauteous conqueſt he ſurvey'd,
And felt a mutual paſſion for the maid ;
Then ſhunn'd his former miſtreſſes, and ſtrove
To crown the ardours of a purer love.
But ſervitude, alas ! had been his lot,
While riches in her brethren pride begot ;
And well theſe lovers knew their vengeful ſpleen
Would ſhow'r deſtruction on a match ſo mean.

Old ſaws declare, tho' fortune oft prove croſs,
Ingenious Love is ſeldom at a loſs ;
Sly in his wiles, courageous to aſſail
The huſband's padlock, and the father's jail,
'Twas eaſy work the merchant youths to cheat,
Plodding, and dull, regardleſs of deceit.
A prieſt in ſecret brought, the knot was tied,

In hidden guiſe Lorenzo claſp'd the bride ;
A thief of bliſs—and taſting in her arms
More poignant pleaſure from the firſt alarms,
Oft ſought the chamber of his ſoul's delight,
Cloſe cover'd by the wings of love and night.

Ah me, how ſeldom joys like theirs endure,
When proſp'rous cunning wexes too ſecure !
One of the brothers, in a hidden nook,
Deſcried him, as his wonted way he took ;
Beheld the door of Iſabel expand,
Then ſoftly clos'd, as with a guilty hand.
At firſt in furious mood, with panting breath,
He ſnatch'd his ſharp ſtilletto from its ſheath ;
But, ruſhing forward, prudence whiſper'd, " Shame!
" Reſpect thy father's urn, thy ſiſter's fame !
" Crimes ſoon are known, if raſhly blood be ſpilt,
" And public knowledge doubles private guilt"—
He ſtopp'd—then ſtraightway to his brethren went,
Wak'd them from ſleep, diſclos'd the ſtrange event,

And while their ruthleſs minds indignant range
'Mid all the ſtratagems of cool revenge,
Th' unwelcome ſun forſook the eaſtern tide,
And view'd their bluſhes of revolting pride.

With bland addreſs, and wonted merry cheer,
Still to Lorenzo friendly they appear;
And he, poor ſoul, unwitting of their guile,
Fell eaſy in the well-conſtructed toil.
The ſky is blue, the greenwood ſhades invite,
Their feather'd ſongſters warble ſoft delight:
To roam amid the groves theſe brothers fare,
And ſure their friend Lorenzo muſt be there.
'Twas where the nightſhade, matted with the briar,
Forbad the ſickly herbage to aſpire;
Where ſpreading oaks in darkeſt maſſes grew,
Th' unwary ſtripling cruelly they ſlew
With many a wound: then dug a grave, and hid
His breathleſs body in the earthy bed,
Which, cunningly with moſs and branches ſtrown,
They left unſeen, and quick regain'd the town.

Anon a bruit is rais'd, with prudent care,
That he had journey'd on ſome cloſe affair
Reſpecting trade: for all the neighbours knew,
'Twas what Lorenzo ſtill was wont to do:
He'd ſoon return—protracted was the day,
And comrades wonder'd at his lengthen'd ſtay
A little while; then quite forgot was he,
As abſent friends have been, alas! and ſtill muſt be.

But one ſad dame ne'er ſuffer'd to depart
His graceful image from her grieving heart;
And that was Iſabel—who every morn
Enquir'd the period of her love's return;
Till, patience loſt, her ireful brother ſaid,
"What matters it to thee, unhappy maid?
"Aſk thus no more: ſad tidings oft are taught,
"If love-lorn fools be anſwer'd as they ought."

The trembling fair her daily ſpeech forbore,
But wept, and wiſh'd, and wonder'd more and more;

Still would ſhe call Lorenzo by his name,
Now praiſe his paſſion, then his coldneſs blame,
And wail the iſſue of their mutual flame.
Sleep fled her couch; or if at dawning day
His owlet pinions bruſh'd her tears away,
The fleeting ſlumber taught her but to know
A doubly ſharp recurrence of her woe.

One night ſhe long had cried, ſhe oft had ſaid,
"Lorenzo, tell me, whither art thou fled?"
When ſoft!—a fearful object, undefin'd
In ſhape or feature, gliding on the wind,
Travers'd the chamber, till it ſilent ſtood
Hard by her couch, diſtilling tears and blood:
Lorenzo's form was there, but bleach'd, and pale,
And light as thiſtle-down upon the gale.
Thoſe blooming flowers his viſage once could own
Were all, ſave violet and lily, gone:
Sunk deep in gloom his ſtiffen'd eye-balls lay,
Sepulchral lamps, that ſhed a waning ray;

Tho' 'mid his ringlets drops of blood enroll'd
Still ſhone like rubies ſtrung on threads of gold.

" Thou, whom in life I lov'd, no longer mourn,"
The ſpectre ſaid, " nor hope my late return!
" No longer raiſe to heav'n thy ſtreaming eyes,
" Or vex my ſprite with unavailing cries.
" The cruel grave will o'er its prey rejoice,
" Deaf to a wretched mortal's feeble voice.
" When Death has ſtruck in fulneſs of his ire,
" No ſighs can fleeting breath again inſpire,
" No tears of balm the drooping limbs reſtore;
" Alas! for man once wither'd ſprings no more."

He paus'd a while; and next diſcours'd at length
Of cruel perfidy, and conqu'ring ſtrength;
Told all the diſmal fact; with care reveal'd
Where his conſuming carcaſe lay conceal'd;
Then bad the weeping dame a laſt adieu,
And, ſighing ſore, evaniſh'd from her view.

She, ſick at heart with anguiſh and affright,
In tearful mis'ry wore away the night;
Tho' trying ſtill her ſenſes to deceive,
And all the viſion but a dream believe,
Rais'd by her ſorrow: yet her eyes and ears
Witneſs'd the ſad concluſion of her fears.
Scarce had the dawn appear'd, when up ſhe roſe,
To ſearch the confirmation of her woes;
And, nothing to her hated brothers ſaid,
In private call'd a confidential maid,
By whom aſſiſted, feebly did ſhe move
Towards the greenwood ſhade, to ſeek her murder'd
love.

Tho' autumn leaves had fall'n, and all around
With yellow deſolation cloth'd the ground,
Tho' o'er the grave the deadly nightſhade threw
Its wild feſtoons, and fruit of crimſon hue,
As if the treach'rous plant deſir'd to hide
A crime ſo nearly to its own allied;

The ſcene deſcrib'd before, the looſen'd mould
Too plain the place to Iſabella told.
With eager haſte ſhe tore the turf away,
And reach'd at length Lorenzo's injur'd clay:
Nor face nor form corruption's power confeſt,
Freſh in the ſleep of death he ſeem'd to reſt,
As Nature's laſt dread law had will'd to ſpare
From wonted doom, a maſter-piece ſo rare.
Oft to her lips ſhe rais'd the ghaſtly face,
Or clung around it in a ſtrict embrace;
Then pour'd upon the cheeks a pearly flood,
And cleans'd the yellow hair, defil'd with clotted blood.

But now declining day was well nigh ſpent,
And little time remain'd for vain lament:
Fain would the damſel have tranſported home
The corpſe entire, to fill a hallow'd tomb—
It muſt not be—reſolv'd, a knife ſhe took,
(While all her frame repugnant tremors ſhook,)

And ſever'd from the neck his graceful head,
Which in a ſilken kerchief ſoftly laid,
She gave in charge to the attending maid,
And once again compos'd the turf above,
The mangled relics of revenge and love.

Homewards apace with woful cheer ſhe ſped,
And to her chamber bore the precious head,
Which plac'd upon her knees, ſhe ſat her down,
Gazing with ſoulleſs eye, as if her ſenſe were flown;
Then leant her heavy brow againſt the wall,
Heavy with grief, for now no tears would fall.
At laſt, with one wild ſob, and loud alas,
Claſping again the pale and clay-cold face,
In eager grief her quiv'ring lips ſhe mov'd
O'er each ſweet feature of the youth belov'd,
Or wip'd the blood away from every part,
And preſs'd his faded cheek upon her heart;
And " Cruel, cruel brothers!" ſtill ſhe cried,
" O, would to God that I with thee had died,

" My lov'd, my dear Lorenzo! now 'tis o'er,
" Too late; and I ſhall ne'er embrace thee more.
" Our ſouls may meet again: but who can know
" If flames like ours in other worlds ſhall glow!
" Perhaps the grave—and yet it cannot be,
" For ſtill my conſtant ſprite muſt cling to thee,
" Beyond the bourn of frail mortality."

This ſaid, and from her cabinet drawn forth
A coſtly painted jar of Indian earth,
Rich with refulgent gold, and vivid ſtain,
But poor, ſhe thought, ſuch treaſure to contain.
A wreath of rareſt flow'rs ſhe wove, and crown'd
Her darling's brows, and wrapt a napkin round,
(A broider'd napkin, brought from climes afar,)
Then plac'd her ſhrouded jewel in the jar.
Next, ſcatt'ring mould above, ſhe planted there
The baſil ſweet, that ſcents the ſummer air.
All moiſture from the lake or river ſcorn'd,
As mean to touch the earth o'er what ſhe mourn'd,

On it each dawn with lib'ral hand ſhe pours
Water from roſes ſtill'd, or orange-flow'rs;
And daily kneeling, o'er the branches ſhed
Large ſtreams of anguiſh from her drooping head.

I wot not if the plant luxuriant grew
By eſſence rare, or ſorrow's plenteous dew,
Or richneſs of the head that pin'd below:
Whate'er the reaſon, lovely was its ſhow,
For quickly up it ſhot in wondrous bloom,
And fill'd the chamber with a ſweet perfume.

But as it flouriſh'd, ſo the dame declin'd,
That none a trace of former charms could find;
From tearful eyes no gleams of beauty break,
Fled with the radiance of her waſted cheek;
Her tires forgot, regardleſs of her hair,
The baſil plant alone was now her care.
The brothers mark'd the change, while every morn
Their neighbours ſaw her wailing by the urn;

This did theſe merchants ſlily ſteal away,
And curious, empty forth the perfum'd clay :
Full ſoon they found, and well they knew, the head
Of that fair youth, ſo baſely murdered ;
For tho' the comely face no more was there,
Yet locks remain'd of long and yellow hair.
Guilt-ſtruck, from proud Meſſina's walls they hie,
And grieving Iſabel ſinks down to die ;
Long as her lips could move, or voice had power,
Exclaiming wildly for her precious flower,
Till on her eye-lids death his ſeal impreſt,
And ſtill'd with iron hand her aching breaſt.

The tale was known, and many a heart would ſwell
For poor Lorenzo, and his Iſabel.
Then ſome ſoft poet of that genial clime
Embalm'd their ſorrows in a tender rhyme,
Which oft is ſung : and thus begins the lay,
" What cruel men have ſtol'n my fav'rite flower
" away ?"

THE

MURDER OF DUMBLANE.

This Poem is founded on a tradition, long preſerved in the Drummond family, and recorded by James, firſt Duke of Perth, and Chancellor of Scotland, in the account of his anceſtors, publiſhed by Monſieur Bayle. The royal Lover was James IV. ſlain at Flodden field; the heroine, Lady Margaret, one of the five daughters of John, firſt Lord Drummond, Chief Juſtice of Scotland during the reign of the above-mentioned Monarch, who to the eſtates of Stobhall and Cargill added that of Concraig, where Drummond Caſtle now ſtands. The grave of his daughters is ſtill ſhown in the Cathedral Church of Dumblane; and it is ſaid, that ſome curious perſons exploring it a few years ſince, found a ſmall ſlipper, which there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe had belonged to one of theſe unfortunate ladies.

"I will be prompt; and by a deed of vengeance
Dreadful and ſudden, that they dream not of,
Will ſtrike *ambition* cold." *The Tragedy of Solyman.*

WHY croſs you thus your boſom, Friar?
Why ſprinkle holy rain
On that low tombſtone in the quire,
Of ſanctified Dumblane?

O Lady, here my hands I rear,
And pour the bleſſed brine,
That ſins unſhriv'n may be forgiv'n,
Nor ſouls in durance pine.

Beneath that ſtone two ſiſters reſt,
Claſp'd in a fond embrace,
One's cheek upon the other's breaſt;
May ſeraphs guard the place!

May bleſſed angels take their ſtand
Both at their head and feet;
Nor Satan lay his ſcorching hand
On aught ſo fair and ſweet!

May no foul witch or hungry ſprite
To ſteal their bones preſume;
Or hideous goblin of the night
Flit near the ſimple tomb!

But ſaints, deſcending from the ſkies,
To lutes of heav'nly tone
Here chaunt the hymns of Paradiſe,
With voices like their own!

Come, ſit thee down, and I ſhall tell
To thine aſtoniſh'd ear,
The diſmal chance theſe dames befel:
'Twill coſt thee many a tear.

O, thou wilt weep—wilt much admire
Such crimes ſhould Scotland ſtain;
And tremble, tho' within the quire
Of ſanctified Dumblane.

Firſt 'mid the young of noble name
Lord Drummond's daughters ſtood,
But Marg'ret was the ſweeteſt dame
That deck'd fair Holyrood.

Her eye outſhone the glaſſy lake,
That ſparkles to the morn,
Ere clouds his radiance overtake,
And leave the earth forlorn.

Her lips were like the orient ſhell,
With richeſt crimſon dy'd,
From which melodious notes would ſwell,
As mermaids there had ſigh'd.

Such notes, as o'er the ſun-ſcorch'd bay
The midnight fiſher hears,
Breath'd wild by water-nymph or fay,
To melt the heav'ns to tears.

Alas, alas, fair Margaret!
That bright thine eyes would ſhine,
Or ringlets of the gloſſy jet
In love's meanders twine.

For ſoon the King's unconſtant heart
Was fix'd on thee alone;
And feſt'ring envy 'gan to ſmart,
In courts ſo keenly known.

" Shall this young maiden of Stobhall
" In royal robes be ſeen?
" Shall ſhe, in ſooth, o'ertop us all,
" Like Annabel the queen?

" Shall ſhe with gold her brow adorn,
" And coſtly ermine wear;
" Pacing with ſtately train upborne
" By dames at leaſt as fair?

" My Lord of Drummond's haughty creſt
" Will then be reared higher;
" And e'en to touch his honour'd veſt
" Our proudeſt peers aſpire."

Thus many a lady in her ſpouſe,
Her brother, ſire, or ſon,
Doth deadly hatred's furies rouſe;
And Marg'ret is undone!

They bought a drug of mighty power,
That's made beyond the ſea,
From herbs of curſed leaf and flower,
In pois'nous Italy.

This drug in Muſcadine ſo clear
They mix'd with wicked care,
When Marg'ret and her ſiſter dear
To Cumbernauld muſt fare.

Proudly the glitt'ring banners flew
O'er Drummond's lofty wall,
And blythe the jocund pipers blew,
That day ſhe left the hall.

But ſoon thoſe pennons were debas'd
By gloomy ſhow'rs of rain;
And grieving minſtrels faintly rais'd
The Cronach's dreary ſtrain:

Wild tones, which through the vallies wind
Before that ſad array,
When broken hearts move ſlow behind,
And clay returns to clay.

But merry rings each ſilver bell
At Marg'ret's ſilken rein;
And loud the braying trumpets tell
Her coming to Dumblane.

"Light down, light down, now, Ladies fair,
"The banquet ready ſtands:
"The Peers and Barons waiting are,
"E'en as our King commands."

" My Lords, we cannot now alight,
" For all this kind diſplay;
" In miſt and darkneſs cometh night,
" And longſome is the way."

" Tho' ſhort the day, and long the way,
" O tarry, Ladies dear;
" For James our Sov'reign bad us ſay,
" That he would ſoon be here!"

This name, pronounc'd by lying tongue,
Made Marg'ret's heart to bound:
She from her milk-white palfrey ſprung,
And lighted on the ground.

But ſlowly did her ſiſter leave
Her courſer and her pall;
Three times ſhe caught her by the ſleeve,
Before they gain'd the hall.

And thrice did Marg'ret's flowing train
Her hurried ſteps impede,
Till golden fringe was rent amain;
But ſtill would ſhe proceed.

Then dropp'd to earth the di'mond comb,
That held her lovely hair,
And left her ringlets free to roam;
But Marg'ret on would fare.

Anon they reach'd the chamber proud,
Sweet harps were ringing clear,
While merry minſtrels chaunted loud,
"Fair dames, thrice welcome here!"

But when they to the Dais advanc'd,
In coſtly guiſe beſpread,
Full many an eye with malice glanc'd,
And ſpite ſhook many a head.

" We pledge ye, ſweetly, ladies fair,
" In ſparkling Muſcadine"—
Now, bright ſtar of Stratherne, beware,
Touch not the fatal wine!

Backward with graceful bend ſhe ſhook
The ſtraying locks that fell
Adown her face—the goblet took,
And quaff'd the juice of hell.

Then reaching, with a laugh ſhe cried,
" Siſter, thy love and mine:"
The lady ſmiling drank, nor ſpied
Death grinning 'mid the wine.

'Tis done—the heart is wrapp'd in lead,
Cold ſweats the temples dew,
In fainting anguiſh bends the head,
The lips, how pale and blue!

Look, how the ſun through panes of red
Does with warm glow adorn
The wan cheek of the marble maid,
That droops o'er yonder urn.

But clouds come on; and now 'tis gone;
Again the radiance breaks
Through miſt and glaſs: e'en ſo did paſs
The roſe on Marg'ret's cheeks.

Her eye, like yonder lamp, that dies
At holy Bridget's ſhrine,
Now ſunk in glimm'ring agonies,
Now ſhone with light divine!

Ah me, but ſoon the roſe departs,
The vital hues expire:
And woe be to the wicked hearts
That quench'd that heav'nly fire!

The very robes wherein they died
Their only ſhrouds were made;
And in one coffin, ſide by ſide,
Thoſe breathleſs dames were laid.

They buried them in dead of night,
Silent, with haſte profane.
Alas, what bloſſoms of delight
Lie wither'd in Dumblane!

No more o'er yonder rocky height
May ſtars of fatal gleam
Quiver with pale and ſickly light,
In ſorrow's tearful ſtream!

O'er richeſt gold, and coral rare,
That ſtream is wont to glide:
Long may the Drummond cheek and hair
Eſcape the baleful tide!

Bleſs'd be that tree of wide controul,
That on Concraig doth grow!
Bleſs'd be the root, and bleſs'd the boll,
And bleſs'd be every bough!

Exalted ſtill the Drummond name
Fair Scotland's ſhores around;
What ſoul but feels the native flame
Blaze at the very ſound?

For brave and loyal were the peers
That bore that title proud;
And ſtill his clan's deſpairing tears
Begemm'd each chieftain's ſhroud.

O, long may yon blue mountains yield
Of chivalry the flower;
True Knights, courageous in the field,
And gentle in the bower!

And Dames as fair as ſhe who lies
Beneath this marble ſtone!
Borne by their virtues through the ſkies
To heav'n's immortal throne!

NOTES

ON

THE MURDER OF DUMBLANE.

Page 92. line 11.

Nor Satan lay his ſcorching hand.

IT was ſuppoſed by Catholicks, that when people are buried "unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unanel'd," the Devil hath much command of their carcaſſes, which he diſtributes in ſmall portions to his wizzards and witches, as prime ingredients for the compoſure of their ointments, and other magical ſtuff. But, as King James gravely aſks, "what more is the reſt troubled of a dead bodie, "when the Devill carries it out of the grave to ſerve his turne for "a ſpace, nor when the witches take it up and joynts it, or when "a ſwine wortes up the graves?" Dæmonologie, Third Book.

Page 93. line 16.

That deck'd fair Holyrood.

Holyrood was the palace of the Scottiſh kings in Edinburgh; there is very little of the ancient building left, much being conſumed by fire, and the beautiful Chapel ruined under the weight of a new roof, clapt upon it by obſtinate beaſts, who meaſured the ſtrength of its weak walls by the durable vigour of their own ſkulls —"ſit illis terra gravis!"

Page 95. line 8.

Like Annabel the Queen.

Robert the Third of Scotland married Annabella Drummond, daughter to John, Baron of Stobhall and Cargill. She was a lady of exquiſite beauty, and gave birth to that prodigy of wiſdom and elegance, King James the Firſt, ſo foully aſſaſſinated at Perth, in the flower of his age, and in the arms of his Queen; who received a wound while defending him, but was not murdered outright, as Voltaire, with his uſual accuracy, is pleaſed roundly to aſſert.

Page 96. line 5.

They bought a drug of mighty power.

"The nobles diſliking the King's intention of marriage, the lady "was *removed*," ſaith the civil Douglas, who is one of our gentleſt Peerage writers, albeit they are the beſt-bred people under the ſun; which ſome newly-created lords are bound to acknowledge, in more ways than I ſhall at preſent mention. Truly it is quite wonderful, that while we are all ſo buſy in the detection of hiſtorical falſehood, as ſcarcely to leave a ſhadow of truth remaining, no one hath taken the pains to write an Anti-Debrett, &c. &c. &c. and diſcomfit thoſe hoſts of Norman Giants and imaginary Knights, who, alas! would ſoon prove to be but wind-mills, or millers; wine-ſacks, or vintners; yea, ſheer puppets, compoſed by more impudent cheats than even Gines de Paſſamonte himſelf!

Page 96. line 12.

To Cumbernauld muſt fare.

Cumbernauld was the principal ſeat of the moſt honourable family of the Flemings, Earls of Wigton. Euphame, ſiſter to the Lady Margaret, had married John, grandſon and heir apparent to the Lord Fleming.

Page 97. line 4.

The Cronach's dreary ſtrain.

The Cronach, or Coronach, is muſic of a moſt melancholy caſt, uſed by the Highlanders in various circumſtances of diſtreſs.

Page

Page 99. line 13.

But when they to the Dais advanc'd.

The Dais is the ſeat of honour, under a canopy; a French word, ſtill commonly to be met with in Scotland.

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